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THE BYSTANDER September 13, 1939

The BYSTANDER

"Old Bill" on the Home Front

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

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The Bystander

The Duke and Duchess of Kent Are Now on War Service

The sunny Saturday that was the last tense day of peace, the Duke and Duchess of Kent spent in their London home in Belgrave Square, were photographed taking their Chow for an afternoon walk. On the Monday it was reported from the Admiralty that Rear-Admiral the Duke of Kent had taken up his war appointment. Two days later it was announced that the Duchess of Kent had been one of the first to respond to an appeal for emergency helpers for the Iver Cottage Hospital, near her Buckinghamshire home, and had spent two hours daily helping to prepare dressings. The Duke and Duchess were due to leave in November for Australia, where the Duke was to succeed Lord Gowrie as Governor-General, and had made big preparations for their move to the other side of the world. Now it is probable that Lord Gowrie will remain in office, since the Duke has returned to the Navy, in which he spent fourteen years of his youth

The Passing Hour

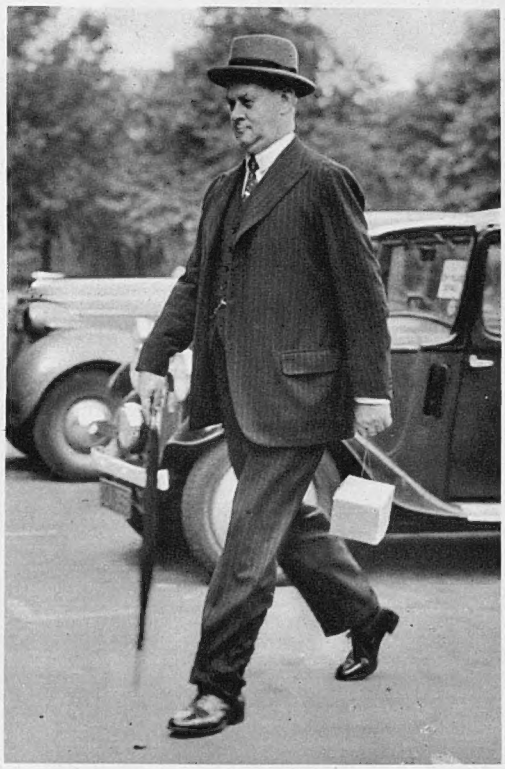
War-time Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

EVERYWHERE you find the old fogies gathering together and comparing the outbreak of this war with the outbreak of the last one. There are some startling similarities in small matters, but in important matters things are extraordinarily different. For example, there are no cheering crowds. The morale of the citizenry is steady, calm, and quiet. There is no sign of hilarity or hysteria. Then, of course, there is the complete absence of night-life. Gone are the days of the Hippodrome and the joy-plank and the Gaiety chorus.

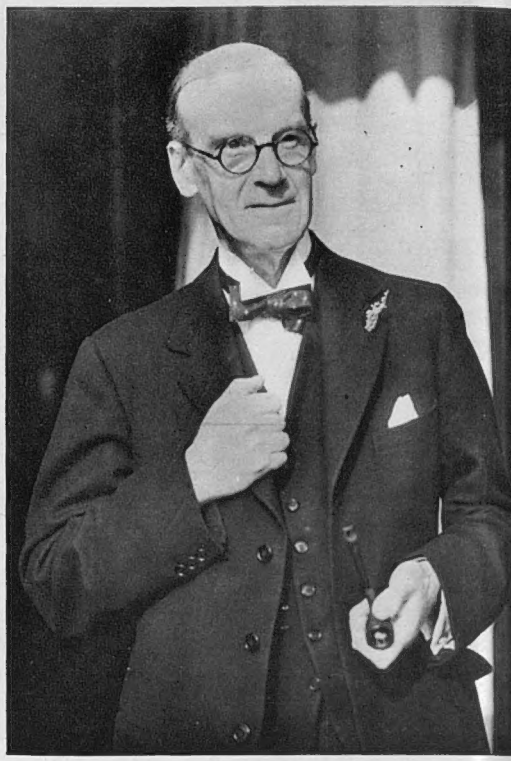
ANOTHER big difference is the absence of children from the streets, and, of course, the ubiquity of the little cardboard box. Again, there is not the slightest feeling of hatred against the German proper. It is Hitler and the régime which everyone detests. But I doubt if there will be any music-hall songs about Hitler as there used to be about the Kaiser. The Kaiser was rather a figure of fun. This man is not.

THE similarity between '39 and '14 seems to me to be mostly in the matter of words. The old phrases come tripping automatically off the tongue. Hun, Boche, Jerry are already household words again. "All Quiet on the Western Front"; "The retreat was carried out according to plan"; "our troops were everywhere successful"; "enemy aircraft dropped bombs on a hospital train"; these appear just as they used to in the bad old days.



***Viscount Caldecote** will take some getting used to as a description of that familiar figure, Sir Thomas Inskip. The new Lord High Chancellor is not in the War Cabinet, was formerly Dominions Minister, leaves a majority of 21,233 for his seat at Fareham where a by-election will be necessary*

***Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd** in the War Government remains Parliamentary Secretary to the Mines Department, the post he has held since April. He had early experience of A.R.P. As Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office under the Home Secretary he was largely responsible for that work*



***Lord Macmillan** is one of the new War Ministers, but as Minister for Information is not in the Cabinet. He takes the post in which his peace-time forerunner, as head of the Foreign Office Publicity Department, formed last June, was Lord Perth*

AS we were scurrying through the streets within ten minutes of the outbreak of the war, I was staggered to come across a dignified procession of ladies and gentlemen strolling along in the sunshine and admiringly watching the soldiers who were hurriedly "falling-in." At first I took it for a superb display of British coolness, but then the truth dawned on me. They were coming from church and had heard neither the Declaration of War nor the Air-Raid warning. In a moment they, too, were scampering for refuge.

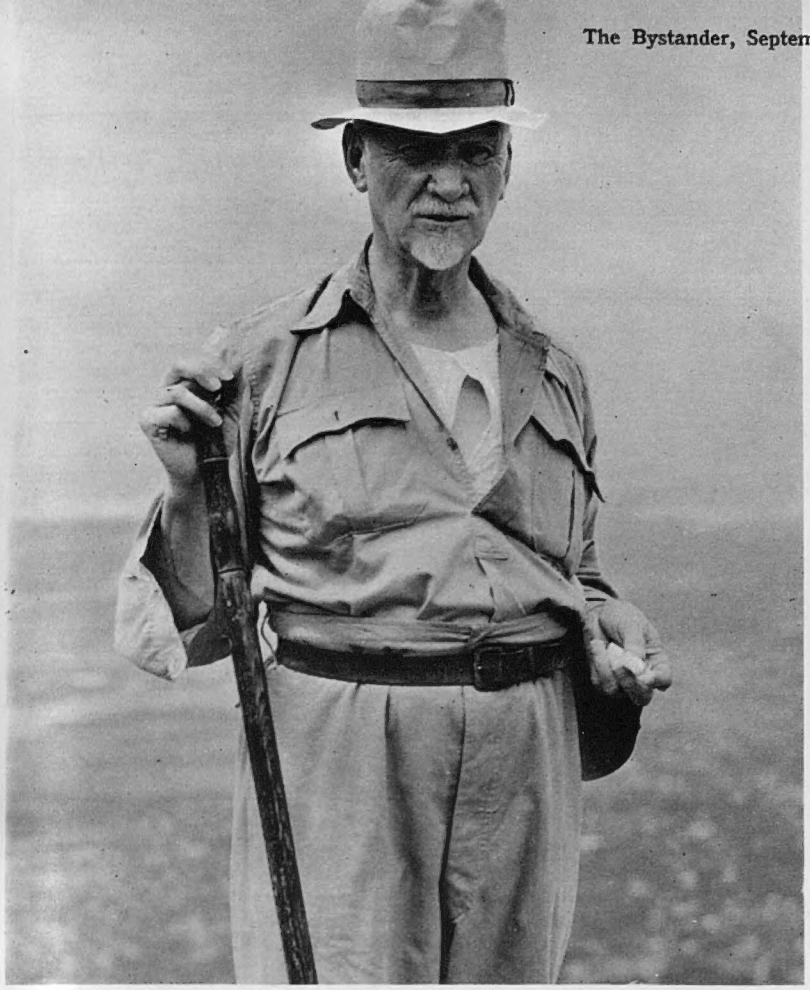
SO far Air Raid Wardens are unanimous in reporting that the man-in-the-street (literally) is very reluctant to obey orders to get into shelters during an air-raid. A great many seem to regard it as a sort of personal insult, and are surly and rude. "It's as if we were trying to sell them something," one of the Wardens complained to me.

ANOTHER thing about which Wardens are becoming increasingly bitter is the attitude of a small, a very small, minority of householders to the black-out. Ninety-nine per cent. have effectively blacked their windows. The other one per cent., after a week of war, are not careless. They are criminally stupid. The worst offenders are publicans, and they are sometimes abusive and offensive to Wardens. But they invariably collapse like bloated frogs when you whisper the two magic words "Law" and "Policeman."

SO far as I can see, the Special Police haven't yet found their feet. They do not realise the amount of authority which they wield and are too inclined to be apologetic. They mildly ask a man to dismount from his bicycle, and if the man refuses they are apt to shrug their shoulders and do nothing more. But times are young yet, and they 'll quickly settle down.

THE position of the refugees is very difficult just now, and everyone is full of sympathy for them. The Czecho-Slovaks are not be treated as "enemy aliens," but the Austrians are, temporarily at any rate, enemies. One of them told me that in Hampstead the other day there was a long queue of "enemies" waiting to register, and a woman came out of a house opposite and announced that she had milk and sandwiches ready for them all. At another queue police came out with benches for them to sit on.

I WAS at a luncheon-party about a year ago at which the inevitable discussion about "the next war" came up, and the conversation turned on the methods by which a war should be conducted. That original-minded and sagacious Scotsman who manages Bush House, Mr. Ralph Peck, said: "If I were in control of British policy, the



General Smuts *became Prime Minister of South Africa after the historic sitting of the House of Assembly when General Hertzog's motion on neutrality was rejected and Smuts' amendment for war with Germany was accepted, both by 80 votes to 67. General Hertzog immediately resigned. General Smuts, a great leader and great speaker, in the picture here was climbing Table Mountain*

The King *paid a visit to the secret headquarters of the R.A.F. Fighter Command last Wednesday. He wore his Marshal of the R.A.F. uniform; carried his gas-mask in a khaki container. He was met and escorted round by Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, C.-in-C. Fighter Command since 1939*

first thing I would do would be to shower leaflets over Germany."

ANOTHER great figure of 1914-1918 has resumed his post at the helm of his ship. After General Hertzog was defeated on his neutrality policy in South Africa, he resigned the Premiership and General Smuts is now in command once more. One of his supporters is Colonel Deneys Reitz, author of *Commando*, *Trekking On*, and other admirable books.

AT this moment as I write, a man is reading on the wireless de la Mare's exquisite poem about the fisherman and the Naiad, and the air is full of shadowy waters at midnight amid translucent willow-copses. But I can only listen with one ear. The other is cocked for the sirens. "Will they ever come to us again, the long, long dances?" I wonder.

TALKING about the B.B.C., I am shocked that their announcers should so often use the Germanic names of Polish towns. When Hitler says "Posen is German," surely it is conceding his case to call it Posen. The name of this Polish town is Posnan. The same applies to Bydgoszcz and Grudziadz. Imagine the feelings of the Poles when they hear our official broadcasters handing their towns over to the enemy in the air.

RED tape is bound to be pestilentially rife in war-time, especially at the beginning of a war. But what can one say of this example? Last Wednesday morning a number of workmen bought their usual workmen's ticket at 6.30 a.m. near Sheerness. For two hours they were not allowed on to the trains because of the air-raid warning. At last the trains ran again, and the men were charged the excess fares.

The War and Ourselves

This is the first war-time *Bystander* produced from our Emergency Headquarters at King's Langley. We hope our readers will forgive our temporarily shrunken size and any shortcomings caused by distance, transport and telephone problems and other Acts of the King's Enemies. We propose to adopt the old slogan of "Business as Usual" which made such a brave show a quarter of a century ago.

Time marches back—and that brings us to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and his immortal "Old Bill," who made his bow in the *Bystander* of March 31st, 1915. Both are still with us and in the weeks ahead will be busily engaged on the Home Front.

Contributions in season are welcome, especially from the scene of hostilities (the Censors permitting). The address in full is "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.

May our victory be swift and sure.

"THE BYSTANDER."

I SWEAR that I am the first man in the second world war to hear two classics. War broke out at 11 a.m. At 11.10 a dignified, elderly gent. said, "No, sir, I will not take cover. I am going to my club. No, sir, I will not obey your orders. Dammit, sir, I am a soldier!" As if that wasn't good enough by itself, within half an hour a superb, elderly lady had said, "Young man, has it occurred to you that we are at war?"

NORMAN BROOKES must have watched the final of the Davis Cup the other day with mixed feelings. Exactly twenty-five years ago he and Anthony Wilding played in the final, on the same courts, with a world war exploding everywhere. They won by 3 matches to 2, just as the Australians did last week, and within a year Wilding was dead, killed in Flanders.

THE following magnificent, true story has been sent to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, and the captain has given me permission to use it.

A regular "Old Bill," an elderly worker in an Ordnance factory, was walking along with some sort of implement casually slung over his right shoulder. A youth shouted to him, "Hi! Dad. Haven't you got your rifle on the wrong shoulder?" The veteran looked up at the "rifle" and then he said, soberly, "Yes, son. It ought to be on yours."

The Home Front

Sand-bags *were the spare-time pre-occupation of hundreds last week. Pretty girls and lusty men shovelled sand in the brilliant September sunshine. Many took the chance of giving their beach clothes a last outing, i.e., slacks and sun-tops for women, shorts and slacks and no shirts for men*

War humour *was re-born in new terms but the same old style. These Balloon Barrage men soon found the right name for their canteen (Berchtesgaden Bunkhöf) and an optimistic notice to announce daily deliveries of nice fresh fish. Londoners have been amazed by their barrage of silvery blimps, both at the immense number of floating balloons, and at their quaint, unexpected beauty in a clear sky*

Theatrical gas drill *made an amusing just-pre-war picture from the Windmill Theatre. The whole cast and staff sat in the auditorium and practised putting on their gas-masks under the directions of an A.R.P. warden. Note the man at top, left, who presumably covered his face in shame at not having his mask with him. Although theatres were closed last week, the theatrical world was not dead. Some producers went ahead with their preparations for new shows, like C. B. Cochran, who has a revue coming in November. Others got busy on "Ensa" (Entertainment National Service Association), planning shows for camps and hospitals*

The German Embassy *in Carlton and in the evening Dr. Kordt and his a small group of onlookers watched the party were in tears. The Embassy with the Chargé d'Affaires from Victoria the same day Sir Nevile Henderson and*

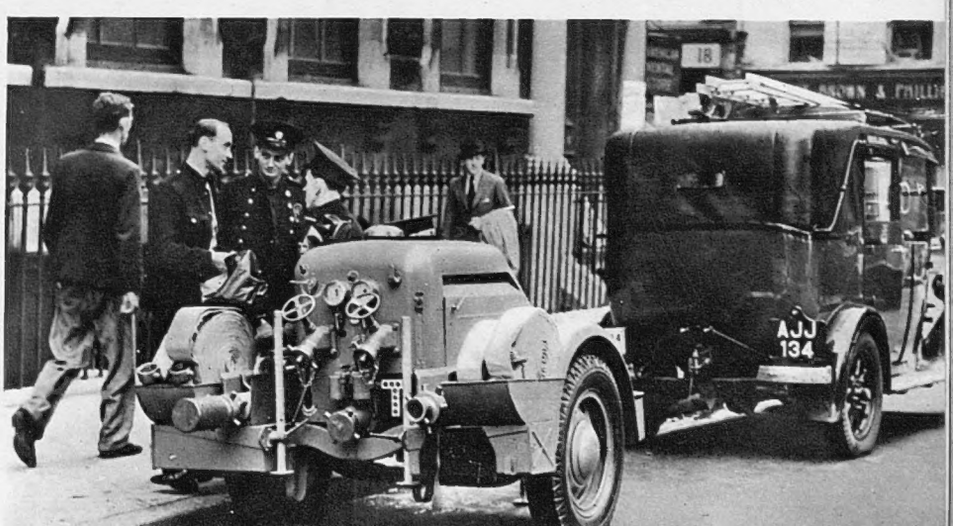
Anti-gas *workers' uniform could hardly be considered becoming, but "Miquette," a well-known mannequin, works a professional miracle and succeeds in looking charming in her overalls, gum boots, tin hat. She belongs to Selfridge's A.R.P. organisation*

Chauffeurs *have suddenly become a decoration to their cars. Attractive young A.T.S. Driver Fielding belongs to Mr. Hore-Belisha. She took advantage of the War Minister's call in Downing Street to fix an official flag on the bonnet of his car. Note the police sergeant in his tin hat, a transformation to which it is hard for Londoners to become accustomed*

Motor-cyclists *are still needed by the Mechanical Transport Training Corps, to which Kay Charles, the cyclist above, belongs. She is the daughter of Brigadier Charles. The M.T.T.C. (Women in Uniform, "Bystander," August 16th) want motor-cyclists as messengers. Recruits must be over eighteen, and able to ride a machine. H.Q. are in Leinster Gardens, W.2.*

"Can you tell me *where the police station is, please?" She was standing right outside it, but it's hardly surprising this housewife didn't recognise the boarded, sand-bagged entrance. She probably wouldn't have recognised the policemen either but for the announcement on their tin hats*

Taxis *have been used for all sorts of things—most of them could tell an emotional tale or two—but they never before have been part of the Fire Brigade. The war has changed all that and now they are often seen parked by an Auxiliary Fire Service Station with a trailer pump tied on behind*



House Terrace was closed last Monday week, wife took their departure. Police guards and their sad-faced departure. Several women in staff and many German business men left en route for Gravesend and Rotterdam. On his staff left Berlin on their journey to England

Mrs. Montagu Norman, *wife of the Governor of the Bank of England, is Vice-Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services, sits at her desk at the Tothill Street headquarters in the W.V.S. uniform of dark green hat and overalls. Last week they were particularly busy dealing with canteen and domestic workers for hospitals and new canteens*

Lady Iris Capell, *the Earl of Essex's sister, is working at W.V.S. headquarters. With her is* ***Miss Mary Smeaton*** *who has been "lent" by the Civil Service as general secretary to the W.V.S. Lady Iris assists Lady Reading (below) and has been specially concerned during the last few weeks with the recruitment of women motorists*

Mrs. Rupert Scott *and* ***Lady Marian Philipps*** *were also busy on canteen work, in front of a be-flagged map of England and Wales. Lady Marian Philipps' husband, the Hon. Hanning Philipps, was defeated last month in the Brecon by-election by the Labour candidate, W. F. Jackson*

The Dowager Marchioness of Reading *is Chairman of the W.V.S., with more than 11,000 branches throughout Great Britain under her direction. Working with her above is* ***Miss Elsie Bowerman,*** *who is a barrister, and so an important member of W.V.S. headquarters staff*

Miss Mona Tatham *is the Women's Transport Officer at W.V.S. headquarters. The transport side is of great complexity since contact must be maintained with the many women's transport services, hospitals, etc., and it also links up the various categories of W.V.S. work*

Canteen work *for the W.V.S. includes supplying their own office-home needs as well as finding workers for other organisations. In the Tothill Street emergency canteen here are Mrs. A. E. Macpherson, Mrs. Swinburne Ward, Mrs. Gerald Yorke (Angela Duncan before her 1937 marriage), and Mrs. Rupert Scott*

Photograph

Leaders of the Women's Services on War Duty

Of the women's organisations covered here, the W.V.S., the Red Cross and the F.A.N.Y.s were illustrated in our "Women in Uniform" series (respectively in the Aug. 23rd, June 21st and Aug. 16th issues). The W.R.N.S. were due to appear last week, but the crisis made it impossible for photographs to be taken

***The Queen** did a round of visits last week to the headquarters of various voluntary organisations in London. On Tuesday she spent nearly an hour at the joint H.Q. of the Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, saw the air-raid shelter and then the whole premises, had every worker on duty presented to her. Among those who took her round was Dame Beryl Oliver (above), head of the V.A.D. Department. In Dame Beryl's office they looked at photographs together in front of the ubiquitous wall map. The day before, the Queen went with the King to the London Civil Defence Region H.Q.*

***Miss E. N. Goodenough** is Deputy Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service ("Wrens"), was formerly chief woman officer of the Admiralty staff*

Swaebe

***Mrs. Ulick Verney** commands the London Motor Driver Company (Army) A.T.S. She worked for many years for the F.A.N.Y.s before their incorporation with the A.T.S.*

***Mrs. Laughton Matthews** is Director of the W.R.N.S. which were revived last April, directly under, and with headquarters at, the Admiralty. Mrs. Matthews was a "Wren" officer at the end of the last war*

The C.-in-C.: General Viscount Gort, V.C.

The C.I.G.S.: General Sir Edmund Ironside

The Army's War-time Chiefs

The appointment of Lord Gort to the supreme command of the British Field Forces puts the Army into the hands of one of its bravest men, and a soldier whose career has had recently the meteoric quality that has marked the rise of many great military commanders. Three years ago he was a Major-General, commanding the Staff College. That winter took place the now legendary ski-ing encounter between him and Mr. Hore-Belisha. In 1937 Lord Gort became the War Minister's Military Secretary, and before the year was out he was C.I.G.S. He comes of an Irish family of soldiers and sportsmen, is fifty-three, has a son of twenty-seven, and a daughter

Sir Edmund Ironside succeeds Lord Gort as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. This big, powerful man, son of an Aberdeenshire Surgeon-Major, has a personality that has been described as "truly formidable." He saw his first war service in South Africa as a young Gunner. As a Brig.-General in 1918 he became C.-in-C., Allied troops at Archangel, and was made a Major-General for distinguished service. He has served also in Persia and India; like Lord Gort, he has been Commandant of the Staff College (1922-6). Last June he became Inspector-General of Overseas Forces, and in July went to Poland on military co-ordination business. He is an exceptionally good linguist

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, wiff yer wows of a weffer 'ole, wo to it!"

Standing By . . .

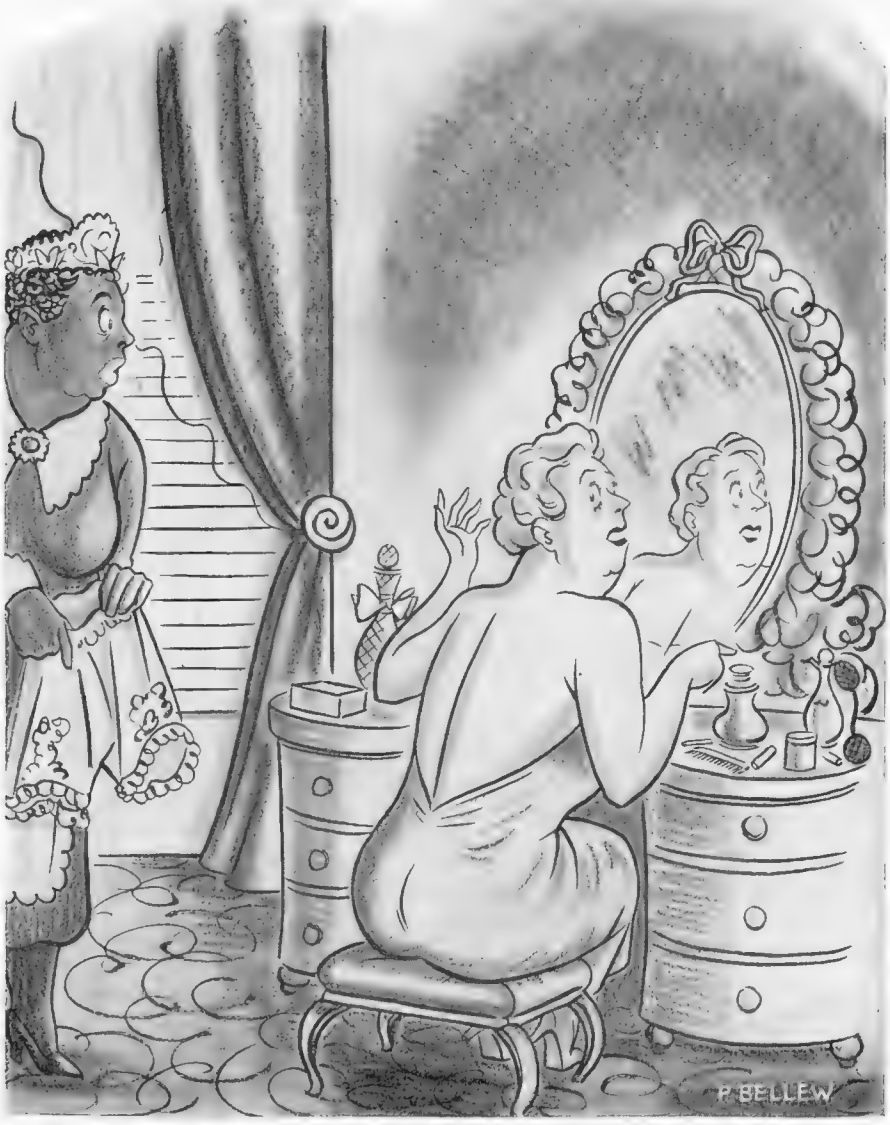
One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WAITING patiently for all the tintamarre and brouillamini to begin, we remembered an experience exactly twenty-five years ago to-day which might amuse you, at the same time imparting one of those valuable ironic and moral lessons of which Life is so full.

It was still that endless 1914 summer, that superb blaze of blue-and-gold with which Dame Nature, D.B.E., welcomed the last Great War. A month before the Germans had entered France, advancing over fields knee-deep in wheat and poppies, with larks singing high and sweet in chorus with the guns, and the first slaughterings had been divinely pastoral. We ourselves, scrambling up and down the South Coast hills with a few hundred other chaps in flannel bags, carrying dummy rifles and performing charges and rearguard-actions and other evolutions at the command of an ancient dug-out warrior who remembered dimly how they formed the hollow square at Plevna (or possibly Waterloo), were as happy as any lark; and there came a September afternoon when a stud-groom arrived as we were resting from these manœuvres and handed the colonel a note from the neighbouring squire, who happened to be the most powerful man in England. The great man requested the entire battalion, on its way home, to take refreshment with him; and accordingly we found ourselves strolling later on his spacious lawns. There was champagne, whisky, and cigars for the officers, beer (in buckets) and Woodbines for the men, and when it was time to go the colonel invited our host to take the salute as the battalion marched past.

That scene came suddenly back to us last week-end in all its pristine freshness as we heard a groom clanking a bucket. (Compare Slogger Proust and his tinkling teaspoon.) The white, dusty, fragrant road; the sunburned, merry faces; the tramp of the feet; the command "Eyes Right!" as we saluted a stocky Napoleonic figure with a heavy-jowled face like one of the later Roman Emperors—a face all England loved and revered—standing on the topmost step. We never met Mr. Horatio Bottomley in the flesh before, or afterwards.



"Bella, you'll have to go—I'm having this room done up all white!"

Plea

NEXT to the Nazi-Soviet double-cross, nothing seems to have moved the Island Race more profoundly during the final days of suspense than that passionate plea for kindness to dachshunds which appeared on Auntie *Times's* leader-page recently. Begging the Race not to make these harmless doggies—"which are English by birth and often by generations of breeding"—a symbol of Nazidom, thus involving "a real risk of thoughtless acts of cruelty," the writer was obviously remembering 1914, when several dachshunds were suspected by *Times* readers and the general populace of being German spies and treated very harshly. A few years earlier, when an eminent newspaper baron was threatening temporarily to roll the French in mud and blood, it was not safe for poodles to be at large. The Race worships bow-wows, but not, of course, enemy bow-wows.

The dachshund has attracted suspicion and dislike in England, unless we're miserably wrong, ever since Queen Victoria married the Prince Consort, when London was full of rude songs lampooning and denouncing this kind of bow-wow, and also the German sausage, its near relative. During the Boer War, when the Kaiser sent his enthusiastic telegram to Kruger, they were freely denounced as pro-Boers, and we shouldn't be surprised if Swinburne or Kipling had written a fiery poem in the *Times* on the subject describing them as whelps and spawn. Fortunately for Pekingese doggies we're all pro-Chinese in this present conflict, apart from the fact that we took over and naturalised the Pekingese for their own good during the international looting of the Summer Palace, Peking, after the Boxer rebellion. But even then it's possible, should policy veer some day against China, that these charming bow-wows will turn out to be pretty sinister characters and a public menace. Auntie *Times's* boy is perfectly right to ask us to suppress our just anger in such cases, and be kind.

Shaft

AMID all the hurly-burly it was pleasant the other day to look at photographs of a long line of chaps shooting placidly with bows and arrows at Windsor, though we thought some of them might have thought up something more dashing to shoot in than lounge suits. There was also a picture of a lady champion who takes a 28-lb. pull every time she draws her steel

bow, which takes some doing. It struck us then, as it has done before, that in certain circumstances a well-trained corps of archers might do considerable damage in a modern battle, the arrow shot from the longbow being, as you may know, a very devilish missile indeed, whether the bow is steel or of the Spanish yew our fathers used. Chaps who think that everything which happened before the Tudors was a fancy-dress joke should look these things up. Firing in mass formation and in strict timing, as the English did at Crécy ("like snow," says Froissart), skilled modern bowmen could surprise an attacking infantry wave considerably, and we can imagine the whang of the bowstring once more becoming as dismal a noise as that gentle faraway drum-tap which heralds an eldritch scream and a deafening clang overhead a few seconds later. It is a mistake to believe that discomfort in the field came in with gunpowder. We imagine even the simple old Basque method of rolling huge boulders from a great height on to the noggins of Charlemagne's troops as they marched through the passes of the High Pyrenees resulted in many a headache, and what could have been more disagreeable, when you were laboriously climbing a ladder to storm a fortress, than a bucketful of boiling oil or pitch swishing down on you?

Once or twice in the last Great War early conditions were reproduced to some extent—for example, in that desperate early battle in which the late General Bulfin (wasn't it?) had to stop a gap in the line with cooks and grooms and mess-servants and bottle-washers and assorted oddments, using what homely weapons they could snatch up. That they succeeded without the aid of Science seems to show that you don't really need all these expensive modern gadgets to fight a decisive engagement; a heartbreaking thought for the chap who has just, after years of noble toil and self-sacrifice, perfected a really frightful new gas.

Recessional

We should like to have been at Lord's the day the Ashes were solemnly removed to a place of safety. Middlesex were playing Surrey, and according to one reporter, three sahibs in striped ties walked in and ordered the radio in the Tavern to be switched off, Mr. Chamberlain's speech to a packed House on the crisis distracting their attention from the Game; which is such a characteristic story that it would break our heart if anybody denied it. (Nobody has.) That arrested mental development which distinguishes cricketers and their fans from grown-ups, and is symbolised in the comic schoolboy caps the heroes wear (as Prof. Osbert Sitwell has clearly established), would naturally account for this Tavern incident, the average mental age of the British cricket-addict being fourteen. Remember Dr. Johnson's explanation of old Mr. Sheridan: "Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a good deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature." One should not blame Nature entirely for the cricket-worshippers, either. Their education has often been extremely expensive, and many schoolmasters have toiled to make them what they now are.

The history of the Ashes, now removed from Lord's in their urn like some sacred national relic removed from a basilica, is so exquisitely dull that Pope might have given it a scarifying line or two in the *Dunciad*. So far as we recollect, the ashes are those of a ball used in some allegedly historic match with Australia (or somebody) and afterwards cremated; a jest of exhausting dullness on which a vast superstructure of even duller ritual jests has been imposed during the weary years. Frankly, we think something ought to be done about English Cricket before it's too late.

Stickup

Few things are more exaggerated, in our odious view, than the influence of Hollywood on our native crooks. Nearly every time a British citizen attempts a hold-up with a gun this truth is manifest. He gets so far and then he doesn't know what to do, and while he is wondering vaguely what comes next the police gather him in neatly and quietly. This happened again the other day when a citizen pulled a gun on a suburban bank manager in his private room and asked for £200. The manager simply left the room and ran for the cops. A few weeks ago it was a country postmistress who nonplussed a couple of gunmen, when asked to hand over the dough, by firmly shaking her head and saying no, not likely; after which they faded away. It must be extremely embarrassing, not to say irritating, when the other party makes a come-back, or riposte, like that, and we often wonder how the conversation proceeds after a blank refusal. Probably:

"Oh! . . . You really mean it?"
"Yes."
"Oh."
(Pause.)
"I see."
(Pause.)
"Nothing—so to speak—doing?"
"No."
"I see."

And while one is still pondering what to say next, and looking rather an ass, the prospective victim has fetched the police. This never happens on the films, and in our estimation it shows once more how a chap's moral is sapped by living in a cricket-crazy country.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Wherever you find turbot—there you'll find Miss Pargeter"

The Theatre

Sketches by Rouson

Tiny Tuttle, a rootin' tootin' son of a gun from St. Leonards (Vera Pearce)

Dissertation on red flannel: Jeremiah and Wilberforce Tuttle (Arthur Riscoe and Sydney Howard)

"Sitting Pretty" (Prince's)

"SITTING PRETTY" is not in these days an easy title to live up to, but if there is still room in the world for musical comedy, the show at the Prince's Theatre has the right "take-you-out-of-yourself" humour. Sydney Howard is a much more versatile comedian than his appearance suggests. One supposes at first that the whole joke lies in his appearance and a set of mannerisms—a ponderous fish with glassy eyes and decorous flappers. But in this show he swims with ponderous precision through a dozen music-hall sketches, and is consistently and delightfully comic. The authors have wisely given him plenty of living-space. He and Arthur Riscoe are ne'er-do-wells who have only to keep one job for six months to inherit a fortune. Their attempt to achieve the impossible takes them round the world. Each stage of their journey is a sketch.

THESE sketches are of varying merit, but Sydney Howard makes the best of them all. He is happiest as a policeman who is persuaded by street-corner gamblers to put his bull's-eye lantern, his truncheon, and, finally, his helmet into the kitty. He is almost as happy making an impression upon the Mae West barmaid of a Wild West saloon, loosing off his revolver with the nonchalance of a cowboy cracking a stock-whip, literally spitting fire and behaving in general as a man should when he has struck gold. Then he may be seen as a prim but scandalous lady at the ribbon counter, as a babe in the Arctic wilds warmly clad in pale-blue woollen rompers, and incongruously entangled in an Eastern seraglio. To the decoration of these sketches there goes a great deal more than a funny face and a few mannerisms. Sydney Howard on the stage is twice the comedian that he is on the films. He needs an audience and knows how to control the laughter that he raises, pressing forward with this joke and having quickly done with that, just as though he were amusing two or three auditors.

HE gets proper support from Arthur Riscoe, who, once taking the whole of the stage to himself, sings a rattling, ribald song, and from Vera Pearce, who is as raucously happy and as buffetable as ever. It is a show which belongs almost entirely to the comedians. The little sentiment that is allowed gets done charmingly, but there is blessedly little of it. And the dancing is distinguished less by its shapeliness than by the very attractive dresses of the dancers, one of the scenes at the North Pole reaching something very like beauty. But for circumstances over which Sydney Howard had no control, *Sitting Pretty* might have lived long to justify its complacent title.

A. V. C.

Our theatre article will be temporarily discontinued, while all places of entertainment are closed. If it is possible for these to re-open, we hope that Mr. Farjeon will again be able to write our reviews

Norman Parkinson

Sea Fire-Fighters

They look like divers, but their work is with fire, and not water. The "Fearnought" suit on the left enables the wearer to attack fire without danger to himself. On the right is the R.A.F. asbestos suiting in which the fireman can enter flaming petrol and remain there long enough to extract casualties. In the small picture, the asbestos man holds the muzzle of his foam extinguisher. These photographs were taken on H.M.S. Furious, the aircraft-carrier, of which pictures appeared in the "Bystander," August 23rd and 30th

The Ambassador and his wife have added their own fine collection of Copenhagen china animals to the riches of the Upper Brook Street Embassy

Senhora Regis de Oliveira, wearing a five-row string of pearls, posed in front of her portrait by Oswald Birley hung on the brocade-panelled wall

The Brazilian Ambassador and His Family at Home

Senhor Raul Regis de Oliveira, Brazil's handsome, dignified and popular Ambassador, has held his post in London, which his father also held before the last war, for fourteen years. As head of the Diplomatic Corps in wartime he holds a position of considerable responsibility and delicacy. He entered the Diplomatic Service, 1902, and worked his way round Europe (Vienna, Rome, The Hague) to the Mexican Embassy, the Cuban Ministry, and back to his own country as Foreign Secretary during the 1914-18 war. He was made G.C.V.O. in 1937. His wife, formerly Donna Maria Georgina de Aranjo Olindo, is as popular as he is, and an accomplished hostess. Their daughter Sylvia, dark and vivaciously Latin in appearance, is entirely English in manner and education, and has innumerable English friends. The whole family is interested in pictures, music, the theatre, and the Embassy at 19, Upper Brook Street, is a treasure-house of art

Photographs by Lee Garmes

Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira is her parents' only child, and has a strong family likeness to her mother

Senhor Raul Regis de Oliveira is the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps at the Court of St. James's

Madrago's portrait of the Ambassador as a child is considered by connoisseurs to be one of the finest examples of the Spanish artist's work

Another family portrait is Count Umberto Pallastrelli's of Sylvia Regis de Oliveira. It was shown in the Italian artist's London exhibition last autumn

The Senior Service Begins Hostilities

The Royal Navy began the blockade the same night that war was declared. This picture, taken in June of this year, shows a destroyer engaged in smoke-screen exercises in the English Channel. Sailors figured prominently in the first war news. The War Cabinet, formed almost immediately after the declaration, restored to Mr. Winston Churchill the post he held in 1914 — that of First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield retained his position as Minister for Co-ordination of Defence. On the following Monday, the Admiralty announced that Rear-Admiral the Duke of Kent had taken up his war appointment

Mr. Winston Churchill Goes to the Admiralty

Most powerful and pungent of all the Government's critics for the last ten years has been Mr. Winston Churchill. Now his voice is silenced and his brilliant, imaginative intellect, his energy and executive abilities are once more on active service. The cry of "Winston in the Government" (or just "Churchill," as placarded by his supporters in Parliament Square a week or two ago) became stronger and stronger during the crisis days, and no war appointment to the Cabinet was more welcomed than the Prime Minister's selection of the 1914 First Lord of the Admiralty to return to the same post. His last Ministerial appointment was as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1924 to 1929

The Return

Mr. Anthony Eden Takes Charge of the Dominions

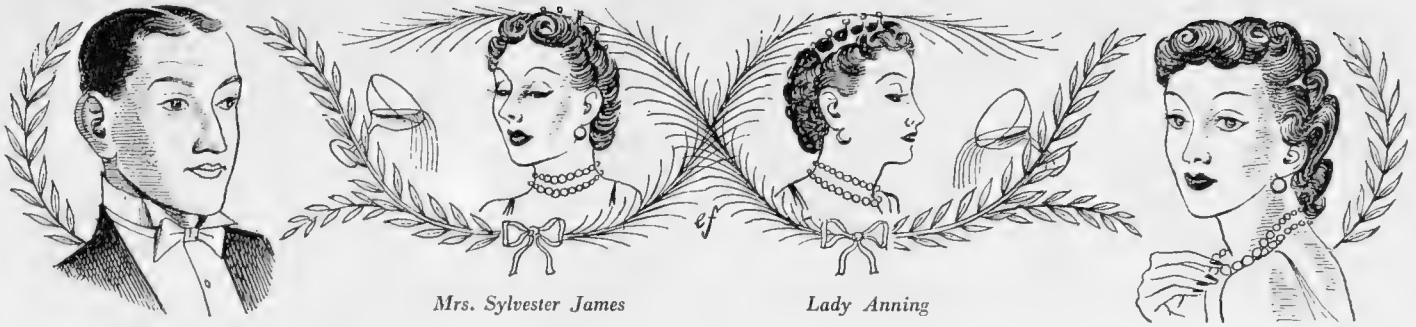
After eighteen months of official inactivity, Mr. Anthony Eden again serves under the leader with whom he disagreed so acutely last February year that he tendered his resignation. As Foreign Secretary he disapproved of the then negotiations undertaken by Mr. Chamberlain for an Anglo-Italian Agreement. Since then he has spoken frequently on foreign policy throughout the country with a criticism neither bitter nor destructive. As Minister for the Dominions his long Foreign Office and League of Nations experience will be invaluable, and the Dominions greeted his appointment with the same pleasure as Great Britain. Mr. Eden has special access to the Inner Cabinet in his new post

the Fold

Pearl Freeman

Princess Guglielmo Rospigliosi and Her Husband

Princess Guglielmo Rospigliosi-Pallavicini, before her marriage in 1933, was the Hon. Helen Acton, is the third of Lord Acton's six sisters. Her husband is Italian, is in the Italian Ministry of Popular Culture, and has been doing the English broadcasts from Rome. Both of them and their three children were in England last month. They have two sons, the elder, Prince Ludovico, born in 1934, and the younger last year, and a four-year-old daughter. They have a home in Via Bruxelles, Rome, and a villa at Vicenza



Mr. Cribbage *Mrs. Sylvester James* *Lady Anning* *Mrs. Jack Chrichton*

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 2. "The Cocktail Hour"

"I THOUGHT no one gave cocktail-parties any more," Mr. Cribbage said to Mrs. Jack Chrichton, as he sat with her on the sofa in the drawing-room of Mrs. Sylvester James.

"Shirley James took to gin almost immediately after marriage; she said she was so happy she wanted lowering." Mr. Cribbage looked round for somewhere to put his cigarette-ash and, finding nowhere, dropped it on the parquet floor.

"A particularly uncharitable remark," he said. "Shirley has never got on with her husband at any time—I ought to know."

"You may, but whether you ought is quite another matter." Mr. Cribbage's predilection for Mrs. Sylvester James was a constant source of irritation to Mrs. Jack Chrichton but, as he rarely spoke with such asperity, he looked at her in some surprise.

"You seem to have got out of bed the wrong side this afternoon," he said. "It's a pity, because I've just discovered an entirely new way of getting through these drinking bouts." Mrs. Jack Chrichton sipped her dry Martini with every appearance of enjoyment.

"I find that drinking is the best way," she said.

"If your face didn't get so flushed, it wouldn't be so bad for you." Mrs. Jack Chrichton put down her glass and, opening her bag, looked at herself in the mirror.

"There's nothing wrong with my face," she replied indignantly.

"Not yet; but there will be. I've noticed after your sixth cocktail you always begin to look mottled."

"I've never had six in my life."

"Then you get mottled without any reasonable excuse, which makes it worse." Mrs. Jack Chrichton defiantly finished her drink at a gulp and allowed the conversation to languish, while her blue eyes became dangerously unquiet, and her right foot tapped the wooden floor with the insistence and regularity of a side-drum. Mr. Cribbage affected an intense interest in the remarks which other people were making in his neighbourhood.

"What is your new way of passing the time?" Mrs. Jack Chrichton asked him suddenly. "That is, if I am not troubling you too much."

"You couldn't do that," he assured her. "The only drawback is that, in your present state of outraged dignity and undigested gin, I don't know whether the game's worth the candle."

"We'll try it, anyway," she said, a trifle grimly. "So long as you don't want to borrow a thimble, or play 'Grandmother's Steps,' I'll try to take an interest." Mr. Cribbage threw his cigarette into the empty fireplace five yards away, and commanded Mrs. Jack Chrichton to look at him. She did so.

"You know, Prudence, one of your eyes is larger than the other."

"Is that remark part of the game?"

"No; that's a piece of information you can pass on to your oculist. You'll have to have it gouged or something."

"Don't be disgusting!" She paused and Mr. Cribbage continued to look at her. "Well, I'm waiting. You might have some consideration for me; it isn't pleasant having to look at your somewhat ordinary features for any length of time. If you were a handsome man——"

"Like Jack, for instance."

"You may leave my husband out of it."

"Gladly." Mr. Cribbage put the flat of his hand against her left eye.

"What on earth are you doing?" Mrs. Jack Chrichton asked him, a little alarmed.

"I was told that everyone had one sympathetic eye and one unsympathetic one; the object of this particular game is to find which one it is." He shifted his hand so as to cover the other eye, and went on manœuvring between the one and the other until she caught his hand and stopped him. Whereupon he shook his head once or twice doubtfully and looked away.

(Continued on page ii)

Yevonde

Miss Pamela Clough

Planned for September 22nd, the wedding of Captain Sir Thomas St. Vincent Troubridge and Pamela Clough took place quietly at Beaulieu Abbey Church on September 2nd. He succeeded his father as fifth Baronet this year, lives at Old Ways, Beaulieu, Hants. She is the daughter of Percy Clough, of the Knole, Keighley, Yorks., and the late Mrs. Clough

Lenare

Miss Jean Elkington

After a week's engagement, Captain William Richard de B. des Vœux, Grenadier Guards, and Jean Elkington, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. F. Elkington, of Adbury Holt, Newbury, Berks., were married by special licence at Burghclere House, Newbury, last Tuesday. He is the only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Henry des Vœux, of Newtown Grange, Newbury

Judd — White-Smith

J. B. T. Judd, H.M. Consular Service, son of J. M. Judd, of Penarth, and Cynthia Margaret Georgina White-Smith, younger daughter of Sir Henry White-Smith, of 17, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and Winifred Lady White-Smith, of Saunton Court, Braunton, Devon, were married at St. Branock's, Braunton

Charles Henry Lyon Anderton, son of Col. and Mrs. Lyon Anderton, of Summer Court, Harrogate, Yorks., and Pamela FitzGerald Dalton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. FitzGerald Dalton, of 5, Ashburn Place, S.W.7, had a quiet wedding last week at Chelsea Old Church

Anderton — Dalton

Crisis and War Weddings

Whitefoord — Tatham Warter

Myles A. Whitefoord, youngest son of the late Lionel Cole Whitefoord, and Mrs. Whitefoord, and Angela Tatham Warter, daughter of the late Henry de Grey Tatham Warter, of Hinton Hall, Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Tatham Warter, of Lottisham Old Manor, Glastonbury, Wilts., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Gough — Maudslay

Owing to the international situation, Hugh Bloomfield Gough and Betty Maudslay were married quietly at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, ten days ago. He is the son of the late Captain Wilfred Gough, Welsh Guards, of Llangynog, Oswestry. She is the eldest daughter of Henry H. Maudslay, and Mrs. Maudslay, of 18, Hays Mews, W.1

Nye — Long

Philip Nye, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Nye, of Broadwater, Hampton Court, Surrey, and Elizabeth Margaret Long, only daughter of the late Major Long, and Mrs. Long, of Kelston, Sonning Berks., had a quiet wedding at Sonning

Prideaux — Reynardson

Humphrey Prideaux, 3rd Carabiniers, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prideaux, of Goldsmiths' Hall, E.C., and Elderslie, Ockley, and Cynthia Reynardson, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Henry Birch Reynardson, of Adwell House, Tetsworth, Oxford, were married at Adwell Church

Lucas — Blane

Major A. R. S. Lucas, Royal Engineers, son of the late A. Lucas, and Mrs. Lucas, of 89, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and Jean Blane, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Blane, of Brisbane, Australia, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

In these strange times, fashion depends rather on the uniform of your Civil Defence unit than on the "dictat" of the Paris couturiers. But there are still a few garments women must have for their off-duty hours. One of these will undoubtedly be a classic tweed suit. So let it be a good one. Smee, of 55, South Molton Street, makes to measure from six guineas, and has an almost bewildering choice of patterns—a pre-war collection. He will show you classic materials such as district checks on tweeds as well as worsteds, grand West-of-England cloths, "plains" to match checks and stripes, and fabrics of a softer character for the less severe suits. The one in the picture was a medium-weight tweed, in a check mixture using shades of brown, green and purple. This is the true classic; but if you care for something a little more venturesome you have only to ask

Scott Bushe

Here's a fur coat that can stand up to the varied work of a war winter; it has hard-wearing properties quite out of proportion to its appearance, for it is made of that perennial favourite, musquash. But it's musquash in the new way; phantom-dyed, shaded to look like beaver. Its soft sheen is most becoming, and its "chunky" design and square shoulders make it a perfect complement to a suit. The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, have this coat for 29 guineas. An unpretentious, good-looking fur such as this will always have its uses. The City Fur Store back dyed ermine as a good fur investment. They have an excellent full-length coat in this fur for 75 guineas. If you want something for evening warmth see their waist-length hooded cape. It is made in squirrel worked as ermine, cosy and becoming. You may have decided what kind of fur coat you want; or you may go along to the showrooms with an open mind; but you will soon find the right one among the large selection at your disposal

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Biggest Big Game

By V. S. Pritchett

WHY doesn't someone shoot You-Know-Who? The act would call, I think, for the religious mind. There is the possibility that pacifism, for example, if repressed, would go through a chemical change underground and develop into a secret society of Assassins, on the ancient model of this once gentle and exalted sect. What had not occurred to me was the idea of Mr. Geoffrey Household, the author of *Rogue Male* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*), that the big-game hunters might be tempted; yet, as he says, can there be any doubt that You-Know-Who is about the biggest game in the world?

The interest of such a long shot is in the personal consequences to the hunter, in his flight rather than in the attempt itself. This, with an agreeable if rather breezy athletic morbidity, is Mr. Household's subject. His book is a chase-thriller, pseudo-highbrow, no doubt, but with a peculiar originality which lies, once you have been bounced into acceptance, in its unhealthy probability. Improbability, the wild, preposterous, healthy kind, with its romantic tortures, its hilarious bloodstains, its schoolboy creepiness and its frightful assortment of international moustaches, neuroses and documents, is the conventional stuff. In some ways Mr. Household is conventional too. The good old amateur Englishman defeats the dictator's professionals after appalling adventures; as if Lord Castlerosse, putting cigar aside, knew how to make that deadly Roman engine, the ballista, which saved Rogue Male's life, out of the skin of a beloved cat. In the world of thrillers there is a good deal to be said for a classical education; and with Mr. Household, one moves, furthermore, in that rarefied, anarchic and Gestapoic upper air where action is exalted beyond law and scruples, and only the underlings in the game worry about having their nails torn out. But Mr. Household subtly disguises these familiar matters. His stress on the sufferings of the hunted man and his technique of dealing with it, the analysis of the process by which one is reduced from Castlerosse to caveman, and, above all, the handling of the extraordinary main situation when the hunted man goes to earth like a fox, while his hunter waits outside his hole, are original to the genre. The symbolism and the morbidity of the book give it a seriousness which is a relief after the frivolity of the professional flesh-creepers. The Rogue Male may sound like a stockbroker who has been bitten by Freud and Bloomsbury, a Wodehouse Drone who has made the exhilarating discovery that, all these years, unsuspected, he has had a useful fondness for masochism and a political conscience; but this is all to the good. I have purposely skimped the plot of this book because I do not want to spoil the intense excitement and pleasure it will give the discriminating reader.

MR. WODEHOUSE once more hits off present events. That "frightful Duke" the Duke of Dunstable has gone down to Blandings and has demanded from Lord Emsworth his most treasured possession—the Empress, the prize pig. His sister takes the Cliveden view: "I do not intend to have my home wrecked for the sake of a pig," but Lord Emsworth is all Sir Archibald Sinclair: "I suppose the next thing he 'll want will be the castle and you 'll give him that. Be sure to tell him not to be afraid to ask for it if he takes a fancy to it."

Those who have never read their Wodehouse have only to remember their Ben Jonson for the rest of the plot; though I know no one who remembers their Ben Jonson. The business culminates in this great battle-piece by another Lord, Lord Bosham:

"Ah! Dinner, and not before I was ready for it. Let 's go. But mark this, Aunt Connie, and mark it well—the moment we rise from the table, I get my good old gun, and I lurk! I don't know what 's up, and you don't know what 's up, but that something is up sticks out a mile, and I intend to lurk like a two-year-old. Well, I mean to say, dash it, we can't have this sort of thing, what?"

I am one of those who prefer Mr. Wodehouse's Blandings period to his Jeeves period, which suffered, I always thought, from a school concert atmosphere. What is so pleasing about *Uncle Fred in the Springtime* (Herbert Jenkins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is its tough urbanity and Mr. Wodehouse's sustained air of the happy Somerset House expert accurately timing the inspection of a hopelessly fraudulent concern.

Book Evacuation

Among the museum exhibits evacuated before war was declared were many books. The Science Museum, South Kensington, sent all their books published before 1900, and all periodicals up to 1920, to a safe country retreat

SOCIOLOGICALLY our humorists are, of course, very instructive, and the triumph of Mr. Wodehouse is an illustration of the arguments Mr. J. B. Priestley puts forward in the last and most interesting part of his new autobiographical discussions: *Rain upon Godshill* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Here is the plain-spoken Radical reviving the accent of Cobbett:

"The tradition of feudal aristocracy and landed gentry hangs over our life like the pall of smoke over wintry London. It is this that prevents so many of the English from behaving like grown-up persons."

Again:

"One reason why provincial urban life here strikes a foreigner as being dreary and rather laborious is that nobody capable of making much money settles down to be a citizen. The landed gentry tradition is too strong. Off they go to the country. The directors go first, and then the managers and cashiers if they can afford to follow them."

America and Yorkshire between them have not much use for this tradition; and yet, in agreeing with Mr. Priestley, one immediately notes his own tendency to get be-glamoured by misleading literary traditions. One saw it in the last act of *Johnson over Jordan*, and in his earlier Dickensian phase. It springs, of course, from the not altogether opprobrious English feeling for atmosphere. But Dickens and Lamb have done as much damage to English writers as the landed gentry have to the good sense of English industrialists and sales managers. It is the literary side of the minor public-school spirit. In the present book, Mr. Priestley wanders easily, gregariously, shrewdly, but often shocked, from the Isle of Wight to New York and Arizona, and back to England, home and Dunne. After plays like *Dangerous Corner*, this is his best vein. Inevitably, I suppose, he has become a bit of a showman, with a public and private manner. I wish he did not resent criticism. Critics are unfair, hurried, pretentious, servile? Probably. But so are authors. He complains that his critics are deferential when he meets them, and he suspects a bland insincerity. Why not suspect good manners, and a respect for a reputation which is considerable enough to evoke the larks, smirks and digs of Grub Street? He has—it is one of his qualities—a sharp tongue himself.

Hiatus in Filmland

By George Campbell

FILM people, like the rest of us, are out of luck. As I write, the cinemas are all closed, except one Somewhere-in-Wales, and it is not quite clear when they will be reopened. The Government has promised that Sam Goldwyn, Louis B. Meyer and Alexander Korda will be encouraged to resume their mission of enriching minds, nourishing souls and showing a better way of life at the earliest possible moment; and by the time this powerful piece appears, their works may be unveiled again. As a critic, I sincerely hope so. In these days we must all think of the people's morale; and I do miss the champagne.

ONE of the Hollywood producers is particularly unlucky. Radio's *Bachelor Mother* is charming. Ginger Rogers, for whose points (and curves) this department has always had the warmest regard, plays a shopgirl afflicted with a baby she does not want. It seems (if you must be nasty-minded) that one night she sees somebody dumping an infant at the door of a foundling home. She picks up the child, is caught in the act, and saddled with responsibility for it. Naturally she denies everything, but the boss, kind, charming and dumb, has heard that tale before. On going home that night, which happens to be New Year's Eve, the girl finds the child awaiting her as a present; and that is the beginning of as lively a comedy and as pretty a romance—if such an airy little soufflé of a thing can be so called—as you or any other sourpuss could wish to see.

Ginger Rogers' performance is entirely straight. As in the film about the Castles, she shows a first-rate comedy sense, together with the gift of pathos possessed by every real comedian. Opposite her is David Niven, so likeable as a silly ass in a dozen other films, and so convincing as the nonchalant airman in *Dawn Patrol*—his first really serious part. In *Bachelor Mother* he is delightful—probably the most English shop proprietor ever seen west of the Army and Navy Stores, but if Americans don't mind about that, I should worry.

Garson Kanin's direction is superb. Kanin, so new that he does not appear in a Hollywood *Who's Who* for 1938, is the bright young fellow who made *A Man to Remember*, the modest little £20,000 production that proved to be one of the pictures of the year. In *A Man to Remember* he showed a sense of searing satire, as well as the most moving drama. In *Bachelor Mother* he has taken the flimsiest of light comedies and, by sheer virtuosity, given it reality and pathos, as well as the liveliest of wit. He has even dared to direct a comedy at the slow pace of drama; and the odd thing is that never for a moment does it cease to grip.

HENRY FONDA, so good as young Abe Lincoln, gives another strong performance in a somewhat harrowing production with a grimly topical name, *Let Us Live*. A taxi-driver about to be married finds an old rolling-stone of a friend waiting on his doorstep. He takes him in, and that night three gunmen rob a bank and shoot down a policeman. Hysterical witnesses identify the taxi-driver and his friend as two of the killers; they have no effective alibi, and the district attorney, seeing his career at stake if he doesn't convict somebody for something, goes all out and succeeds in sending the innocent young taxi-man to the chair. Or as near it as makes no matter; for though the truth is discovered at the eleventh hour, it is too late to save his belief in everything that made life worth living. His life is saved, but his soul is dead.

"Sorry We're Closed"

First war cinema news after the general closing-down was from Aberystwyth which reopened its cinemas last Tuesday. The announcement that all entertainments should close brought a shower of protesting letters to the newspapers, from such celebrities as Bernard Shaw, Lady Oxford, Sir Henry Wood, C. B. Cochran, Basil Dean

"ON BORROWED TIME" is one of those chunks of philosophic cheese, like *Berkeley Square* and *Smilin' Through*, which the American public adore. It gives them a greater sense of uplift and spiritual well-being than the combined teachings of Elbert (*A Message to Garcia*), Hubbard, Beverley Nichols and Godfrey Winn; and it gives me a pain in the neck or somewhere.

The thing opens with a well-dressed gentleman called Mr. Brink, looking uncommonly like Cedric Hardwicke, standing on a bypass waiting for a lift; and if you've ever needed one yourself, you know what a grim business that is. (Unless, of course, you happen to be a glamour girl walking home, in which case, I understand, every travelling salesman on the road is chivalry itself.) Well, a couple pick him up, and soon there is a crash, and we hear that they are both dead, with no sign of Mr. Brink; and by this time you have probably grasped the fact that Mr. Brink is Death.

So far, so good. So macabre an allegory might have made quite a distinguished film. But the rest of the story is concerned with a commonplace little story of an octogenarian and his devoted grandson, and the boy's avaricious aunt, who wants to get his fortune into her clutches when the old man dies, and the old man's luring Mr. Brink up an apple-tree and keeping him there, unable to get on with his job of reaping, until the boy's interests have been protected. Just when you are led to expect that all this nonsense will at least have a happy ending, the authors kill off grandfather and grandson, and we are left with them inspecting Heaven under the guidance of Mr. Brink, with all the enthusiasm of tenants being shown over the new property by an estate agent with a bedside manner.

AS for *The Man in the Iron Mask*, I can only say that it is the sort of film that almost consoles me for the closing of cinemas. It presents Louis XIV., who was admittedly no angel, as a maniac sadist with a twin brother, Louise de la Vallière as his moll, Fouquet as a successful gangster, and D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers as the gorillas who knock him off. Louis Hayward plays Louis XIV. and his noble brother, and I don't know which I disliked more.

Michael Redgrave as a Miner

For his part as a miner in "The Stars Look Down" (see opposite page), Michael Redgrave went up to Workington, Cumberland, spent several days wandering around the pit-heads, talking to miners, visiting their homes. Finally he went down a 1000-feet mine. His clothes, which he afterwards wore for the film, were odds and ends bought by the Grafton Films from Workington men

Cannons of Hollywood

Star of "The Stars Look Down"

The last film to be finished in England before war was declared was *The Stars Look Down*—completed on Saturday, September 2nd. In it Margaret Lockwood (herewith) co-stars with Michael Redgrave and Emlyn Williams, under the direction of Carol Reed. The story is from A. J. Cronin's novel of the same name. Margaret Lockwood has teamed with Michael Redgrave before, when they both appeared in that brilliant Hitchcock thriller, *The Lady Vanishes*. Since then she starred as a chorus-girl gold-digger in *A Girl Must Live*, shown at the New Gallery a month ago

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golfers and War

THE most popular golfer there has ever been was a soldier who died for his country on active service. I do not think that there is any doubt whatsoever that the late Lieut. Frederick Guthrie Tait was the most popular first-class golfer the world has ever seen. More photographs, portraits or drawings of him are to be found hung up on the walls of golf clubs than of any other man or scene. Also, putters reputed to have been the property of F. G. Tait are to be seen on the walls and elsewhere in numerous golf clubs. He must, if all these are genuine, have had a very extensive collection of putters and have been most generous in handing them on to his friends and other people.

The difference between theory and practice has never been demonstrated to better advantage than it was by Freddie Tait. His father proved conclusively by x and y and forces and other things, about which I know little, that the golf ball could not be hit as far as his son continually did hit it.

One of the reasons why he was so popular was because he was a cheery golfer who, without any doubt, enjoyed playing the game, whether it was in a round with his friends or with his fellow competitors in a serious championship. He had a free full swing and hit the ball for his time a very long way, but not always where he intended; it was when he hit a wild tee shot that he was seen at his best, as his recovery play was little short of miraculous, and it was seldom that the ball lay too badly for him to play a decidedly satisfactory shot. On festive occasions he delighted his friends by playing the bagpipes—an instrument which only an expert and a Scotsman can tell when it is being played well or badly. I myself have little doubt that Freddie Tait played it nearly as well as he did the game of golf.

HE won the Amateur Championship on the links of the Royal St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich in 1896, when he had among his victims such great players as Charles Hutchings, John E. Laidlay, John Ball, and Horace Hutchinson, and in the final he defeated Harold H. Hilton by 8 and 7 over thirty-six holes, the first occasion on which the final was played over thirty-six holes; previously, it had been, like the other rounds, played over eighteen holes. It is interesting to note that all his victims whom I have mentioned have themselves won the Amateur Championship.

He won the Amateur Championship again in 1898 at Hoylake, where he beat S. Mure Fergusson in the final by 7 and 5. The next year saw the great final, played at Prestwick, in which Tait was defeated after a most thrilling match on the thirty-seventh green by John Ball, who did the extra hole in three strokes. This was a truly historic match. Tait came in to lunch three up, and Ball did not take the lead until the thirteenth hole in the afternoon. Both players produced, one after the other, wonderful shots out of casual water in the bunker just short of the Alps green.

Ball was not satisfied with his putting in the morning round and spent most of his luncheon-time having a putting lesson from Harold Hilton on the little strip of lawn in front of the club-house windows. The winning of the match must, however, have been ample compensation for losing his lunch. Many of the shots played in this match are still recalled by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

Before the end of the year Tait was fighting in South Africa, and in February of the next year he was killed while leading his men in a charge on the enemy. There is in South Africa a Freddie Tait Cup, which goes annually to the amateur who returns the best score in the South African Open Championship.

MAJOR C. K. Hutchison is another soldier with a great record on the golf course, and is nearly as popular as Tait was. Major Hutchison was defeated in the final of the Amateur Championship of 1909 at Muirfield by Robert Maxwell by one hole after being one up on the thirty-fifth tee and playing the last two holes in the right figures. Maxwell, who is one of the few local heroes to win the Amateur Championship on his own course, put his second shot to the thirty-fifth hole stone dead and then holed a long putt on the next green. These two, Hutchison and Maxwell, took less time to play their final than it has ever been played in, either before or after this date.

Major Hutchison spent much of the last war in a camp for prisoners in Germany, where he must have suffered great privations, but this did not prevent him playing the game he loves, as he designed and constructed a small golf course within the boundaries of his prison.

ANOTHER great golfer who was captured in the last war was Cyril Tolley. I wonder what the Germans thought when they saw his majestic figure appear from his stranded tank.

Strange to relate, a few years after the last war Hans Samek, who had entered from a German golf club, drew Tolley in his first round of the Amateur Championship of 1925 at Westward Ho! This was a very amusing and rather extraordinary match and full of fun for those who were fortunate enough to watch it. Samek started 7, 6, 5, 4, 3—figures which Tolley could not match, but when at last Tolley settled down there was only one in it.

WHEREVER golfers go they generally manage somehow to produce some sort of place where they can play a game which, if not golf, is something approaching it, and no doubt as the present war progresses golf will be played in places where it has never been played before. In the last war Bernard Darwin used to play on a home-made course near Salonika, where the game was made more difficult than it is at home by the presence of a dead horse, the removal of which could only be arranged with difficulty.

In the last war my own squadron, No. 224, R.A.F., played round their aerodrome at Andrano in the very south of the heel of Italy, and there must have been many other places where the game was played for the first time and where the natives thought that the English were even madder than they imagined they could be.

HOW fortunate are the selectors of our Ryder Cup team, who have been relieved of their responsibilities, and how unfortunate is James Adams, who was selected after much anxiety and hard practice to play in his first Ryder Cup match. Adams is an unlucky man; he has twice been second in the Open Championship.

War Golf at North Berwick

The Duke of St. Albans was staying at North Berwick when war was declared. He is Irish, the twelfth Duke, was in the 17th Lancers, fought in the South African and last European war, holds the romantic title of Hereditary Grand Falconer

Engaged Couple from Edinburgh

Ronald Balfour-Melville and Shiela Lawrie are a recently engaged couple. He is the son of J. I. Balfour-Melville, W.S., grandson of the famous Scottish sportsman, the late Leslie Balfour-Melville. She is the daughter of W. E. G. Lawrie, of Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh

Amateur Golf in Northern India

A. Chapman (centre) became Amateur Champion of Northern India when he beat Capt. R. A. K. Sangster (right) by one up. He is seen with the Championship Challenge Shield. On the left is the Bishop of Lahore, the Right Reverend George Dunsford Barne

Mr. Pierce Synnott and Miss Ann Bailey

Among the thousands of marriages rushed through last week was that of Pierce Synnott and Ann Bailey, who had planned their wedding for October. They were married quietly at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of the late Nicholas Synnott, and Mrs. Synnott, of Furness, Naas, Co. Kildare, works at the Admiralty. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Bailey, of 38, Bryanston Square, W.1.

Mr. Christopher Herbert and Miss Celia Roundell

Christopher R. C. Herbert, only surviving son of Arthur Stewart Herbert, of Cahirnane, Co. Kerry, and Lady Theresa Herbert, of 8, Sydney Place, S.W.7, and Celia Winifred Roundell, daughter of Christopher F. Roundell, of 15, Sussex Square, W.2, and the late Lady Maude Roundell, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens

Five More Weddings

Cubitt — Wills ; Larking — Wills

Two sisters, Rosemary and Pamela Wills, were married one after the other last Tuesday at Shefield, Hants. They are the daughters of Captain and Mrs. Cecil M. Wills, of Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke. Charles J. Cubitt, son of Mrs. J. Cubitt, of Graitney, Camberley, married Rosemary Wills. Charles Larking, son of Captain and Mrs. Larking, of Titlarks Hill House, Sunningdale, married Pamela Wills

Mr. Buckman and the Hon. Griselda Eden

John Buckman and the Hon. Griselda Eden, who announced their engagement this summer, were married at St. Marylebone register office. He is the son of the late J. Buckman, of Bognor Regis, and Mrs. Buckman, of 21a, Parkholme Road, E.8. She is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby

Aviation in Wartime

By Charles Ward

London—September 7th

NORMAL flying in Europe for civil purposes has ceased, to be replaced, as circumstances permit, by skeleton services to suit the needs of governments. In England, civil aircraft are needed by the State. The same principle applies in all countries at war and in most of those who are neutral. Small aircraft are being used for local communications and trainers of all kinds are being transferred to schools where civil instruction for State purposes will be continued. It has seemed strangely quiet in the country during the past few days. An occasional 'plane overhead. Otherwise, flying has ceased. Every pilot stands by, waiting for orders.

THERE is no Service news to report beyond that issued by the Ministry of Information, but as far as it goes to date, the R.A.F. has drawn first blood. The assault on Germany by pamphlet was a master-stroke, and such methods may well prove as effective an attack as that by more lethal weapons. Propaganda cannot replace bombs, but knowledge of the psychology of Germany leads one to believe that a rift in the Nazi grip on the population may occur in time. The Kiel Canal and the warships near by which were bombed are definite military objectives within the meaning of the act. So far, there has been no retaliation.

THE Postmaster-General has been compelled to cancel the arrangements for despatching all Empire mails by air. There is a difficulty to be surmounted—that of maintaining freedom of passage for civil aircraft whilst war exists. The "Empire" boats, like the merchant ships of the sea, are valuable as auxiliary cruisers when converted for such purposes. Mails by air will be despatched to any of the countries hitherto served, when postage at the rate of 1s. 3d. per half ounce—7d. for postcards—has been prepaid. A blue air mail label must be stuck at the top left-hand corner, as of old. Latest posting times are at the G.P.O., London. The sum of 1s. 3d. per half-ounce is the minimum rate for all destinations served by British air routes, whether part of the Empire or not.

WOMEN in blue who are attached to the R.A.F. were originally part of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service. The Air Force has now taken charge of its own auxiliaries, with Miss Trefusis Forbes in command. Very much the same Service jobs will be performed by women as in the last war—car-driving, clerical work, first-aid, cooking and waiting. In another category will be women who are helping the fitters with the maintenance of aircraft. There are many women in the Civil Air Guard, and a number are qualified pilots.

LONDON in wartime is conspicuous by an uncanny atmosphere. It is so quiet everywhere and people are so calm. Hoardings and sand-bags are the new features of the landscape.

CHIEF of the Air Staff, Sir Cyril Newall, is the man of the hour. It is his duty to decide, in conjunction with the heads of the Army and Navy, what part the R.A.F. is to take in war. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in September 1914, served in the Air Arm throughout the last war, and on the resignation of Sir Edward Ellington from the post of C.A.S. in September 1937, he was chosen to succeed, although not the next officer in order of seniority. His choice is proof of the high opinion of his abilities held by those who made the appointment. Sir Hugh Dowding, whose responsibility is the actual direction of our fighting 'planes, for the defence of England and the Empire, also joined the R.F.C. in 1914. He is one of several of the heads of the R.A.F. who still pilots himself on tours of inspection, though this luxury will no doubt be denied him during the strenuous days ahead. Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt is really the senior commander under the Chief of the Air Staff. He also joined the R.F.C. in 1914, went to France with No. 1 Squadron, and has always been an expert and enthusiastic pilot.

The Chief of the Air Staff and the Minister for Air came smiling out of 10, Downing Street after an interview with the Prime Minister. Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall has held his job since 1937. Sir Kingsley Wood has had his since last year. Not the least interesting air news of last week was that of the many million leaflets dropped by the R.A.F. over Germany, and that during their long flights over enemy country the British 'planes were not engaged by German fighters

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Starting-Time

Our Autumn Foursomes Are Cancelled

"The Bystander" regretfully announces the cancellation of this meeting due to take place, in its 18th year, at Roehampton on October 9th to 13th

CANCELLED: The Girls', the English, the Autumn Foursomes—everything in the golfing way that has always filled the weeks from September to November full to overflowing. Let none of us bewail. I loved the laconic tone of somebody who very nearly won the Girls' last year, and wrote to me this, a few days before war was declared: "What a nuisance these crises are!" There is not the slightest doubt about it that all the golfers will put up a grand show in whatever kind of war work they take up, making a deal less fuss over an air raid, over work and things far worse than work, than they have over a match lost, a fancied slight by a selection committee, even a well-hit shot that kicked into a bunker or a putt that sat on a lip. We shall all learn a better sense of proportion over these things, and come to laugh outrageously at the way we once took them seriously.

For laugh we have got to. Let none of the younger golfers, up against life for the first time this autumn, think we older ones heartless or lacking in realisation. The stiff upper lip is kept more easily in that position, when needed, if it can have a good old grin now and again, and a laugh, a golfing yarn, news of each other will be wanted for members of the W.A.T.S. and the What-Nots of all sorts.

BETWEEN the whole alphabet of initials, those jobs will make extraordinarily interesting hearing, and bit by bit we shall, the Censor allowing, piece together some idea of where most of the more famous golfers are.

Miss Pam Barton is, at the moment of writing this, still on the high seas in the Transylvania on her way home from her attempt on the American Championship. She will have much to tell, if time and the Censor allow. Miss Barton will be busy in a steel helmet in real earnest, having already joined up and done her drills before she left for America.

Mrs. Golden, daughter of the ex-Veteran champion, Mrs. Beard, has been taking her "A" licence as a pilot after an incredibly short number of hours in the air. Of course, this present generation is going to be every bit as splendid as those who were doing it in the last war and can still hit a golf ball a tidy crack now. It has been the fashion to say that the present-day young golfer was soft; that she needed a car to take her to a golf-course, even if it were only the length of a two-shot hole from where she might be staying; that she would not carry her own clubs; that she expected far too much luxury in every single department of the game, from the lies under her feet upwards. I have a notion that she will, now the pinch has come, show herself entirely able to bear it. Let us not hope that the golfers will all come back to the game so energetic that they will want a championship to have three rounds in a day, or a round to measure 7000-odd yards! If so, I shall go on strike, for the old field-glasses and camera and notebook will weigh heavy on my back compared with the gas-mask, which is now obediently slung there when I run for the post. It may not look very different there from the more familiar impedimenta, but it 's a deal lighter.

IT is too early to say what clubs, as such, will be doing. Some will no doubt be taken over as hospitals; some will carry on in a modified way, and so provide fresh air and recreation for workers and convalescent wounded. The only definite news to hand so far is of Addington. There play will still be possible, but the club-house itself is to shut up, Fred Robson's shop being turned into a temporary club-house of the simpler kind that old golfers remember.

Mrs. Dinerman's genial welcome there to women members, and to the Stage Golfing Society, has been apparent for all to see; but not everyone who enjoyed Addington's good fare and the comforts of a well-ordered staff and service knew how much these were the outcome of her efficiency behind scenes. Those who did will doubtless, when opportunity offers, sample these things all over again in the hotel at St. Leonards-on-Sea, where she and her staff are now at work.

As a very youthful quartermaster in the last war she acquired all sorts of knowledge of the most practical kind; the thought of what more she will acquire this, and how really terribly efficient she will be at the end of it, is quite alarming.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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SEPTEMBER

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The American Championship

Betty Jameson (right), the twenty-year-old Texas champion, was the winner of the American Women's Championship at Wee Burn, Conn., this year. The runner-up was Dorothy Kirby, aged nineteen, star golfer of Atlanta, Ga. It was the first time for at least forty years that there had been an all-Southern final. Betty Jameson won by 3 and 2 over the thirty-six holes which decide who has the ornate, be-thistled Championship Cup

Northern India Championship

The Amateur Championships of Northern India were played at Gulmarg, Kashmir, in August. Winner of the Women's Championship was Mrs. J. F. L. Taylor (left), who defeated Mrs. Freeman Taylor by 2 and 1

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Ask any heating engineer how much it costs to install this comfort in your home, and write for the Ideal Booklet A59—it's free, and full of information.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THIS article is written under considerable difficulty, for it is penned shortly after the announcement has been made that Great Britain is at war with Germany.

Who knows what may be the immediate future of motoring in this country?

Personally, I feel sure that normal private motoring will come to an early end—perhaps even before these words reach you.

The exigencies of war will make it necessary to conserve petrol, and this alone will suffice to put an end to ordinary motoring.

The envelopes of coal gas, familiar during the last war, will doubtless again be in evidence, and fuel from charcoal and wood-pulp will also probably be used, carried in special containers.

In a time of war, there are very many ways in which motorists may serve their country with their own cars.

The National Service Authorities will gladly furnish full particulars, but for the guidance of my readers, I may give here a few of these duties.

A.R.P.

SMALL cars (two-three-seaters) and motor cycles with male drivers—ages under eighteen and over forty—are needed for Staff work and message work in connection with casualty and fire-fighting services, and for other miscellaneous duties. Application should be made at the Council Offices of the district of residence.

FIRE BRIGADES.

THE London Fire Brigade and other fire services need large cars (20 h.p. and over) with male drivers—ages twenty-five to fifty—for towing trailer pumps to fires and for other work during air raids. The Fire Brigade will fit the necessary towing-bar.

Small cars with male drivers — ages twenty-five to fifty—are also needed by the Fire Brigades. Application should be made to any fire station.

AMBULANCE SERVICES.

FIRST aid and casualty services set up by Local Authorities need medium-sized cars with male drivers—ages thirty to fifty.

Men over fifty will be accepted provided that in each case the recruiting authority is satisfied that the volunteer is suitable for the duties which he is undertaking to perform.

Application should be made to the Local Council.

WOMEN DRIVERS.

WOMEN drivers may receive advice regarding enrolment and training for the various Civil Defence services from any local centre of the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence, or from the Headquarters, 41, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

The Civil Defence Services requiring women drivers and car-owners are:—

A.R.P. FIRE BRIGADE (ages twenty-fifty). Primarily for Staff work.

AMBULANCE SERVICES (ages eighteen-fifty).

HOSPITAL SERVICES. Primarily, now that evacuation has been effected, for the driving of doctors and nurses from one hospital to another.

TERRITORIAL ARMY AND SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE—CATEGORY "C."

MOTOR drivers and motor-cyclists between the ages of nineteen and forty-two are required in this Reserve, while the Territorial Army also has many vacancies for motorists between the ages of eighteen and forty-one (or eighteen and fifty for home service).

In either case, particulars may be obtained from the local Territorial Army Drill Hall.

R.A.F.

THERE are many vacancies for motor drivers between the ages of 17½ and 35 as "Drivers (Petrol)." Free booklets giving particulars of this work may be obtained at any Post Office, any R.A.F. Recruiting Office, or from the Inspector of Recruiting, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

AUXILIARY AIR FORCE.

OPPORTUNITIES exist for motor drivers between the ages of twenty-five and fifty to enlist in the Balloon Barrage Squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force as "Drivers (Petrol)."

Information is contained in Air Ministry Pamphlet 64, copies of which are obtainable from the Commanding Officer of any squadron, or from the Under Secretary of State (S.11 (c)), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

R.A.F. VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

MOTOR drivers and motor cyclists between the ages of eighteen and fifty may join the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve (Ground Section). Information is contained in Air Ministry Pamphlet 81a, copies of which are obtainable from any R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve Town Centre, or from the Air Officer Commanding, Reserve Command, Hendon, the Hyde, London, N.W.9.

WELL, there you are. Surprising, isn't it, what a lot of ways there are in which motorists may help?

What will *YOU* do?

***The Daimler** standing so peacefully in the peaceful setting of Lower Slaughter, a village in the Cotswolds, is the "Fifteen" 2½-litre "Ritz" sports saloon, painted grey outside, and with soft grey leather upholstery and figured sycamore woodwork inside. Price £575*

The Wedding of the Jackal

(Continued from page 407)

"Well? Say something! Which eye 's which?"

"Neither. I 've discovered nothing except a slight astigmatism." Mrs. Jack Chrichton took his head firmly between her hands and twisted it round sharply so that he faced her.

"Let 's see what I can discover from yours," she said. Mr. Cribbage smiled.

"I knew you 'd like this game," he answered. She set her lips firmly and placed her thin and delicate fingers squarely, first against his right eye and then against his left, while Mr. Cribbage tried with all his might to look soulful.

"Of course," she said after a moment or so, "it 's a pity you haven't got any expression. Can't you manage anything but a blank stare?"

"I 'm trying my best to look interested in you," Mr. Cribbage said. "With no more success, it appears, than you had with me." When the game had first begun, those people near them thought lunacy was abroad, and some, who did not know Mr. Cribbage, imagined he was a hypnotist engaged by Mrs. Sylvester James to contribute interest to the cocktail hour. By listening to the conversation one enterprising woman discovered what it was all about; and when one enterprising woman discovers anything, she never can keep it to herself. The result of her eavesdropping was shortly reflected in the actions of the remaining fifty guests, who stood about in pairs, alternately clapping their hands to each other's eyes.

Mr. Cribbage and Mrs. Jack Chrichton were suddenly aware of the comparative silence which had fallen upon the gathering and, ceasing to regard each other, enjoyed the spectacle.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "It 's a very good game. Of course, there 's one drawback to it."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton, who had opened her bag again, assented vigorously.

"You 're right; all the powder is off my nose."

"It 's not a bad nose now that I can see it," Mr. Cribbage complimented her. "But loss of powder is not the drawback."

"What is it, then?"

"The action of gin and the continuous closing of one eye or the other combine to produce, after a short time, a feeling of insobriety. Personally, I 'm leaving the party before it leaves me."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton finished powdering her nose. "I 'll come with you," she said.

Everyone else was so busy searching each other's eyes for sympathy that no one of them paid any attention to their departure. In the street, however, an idea occurred to Mrs. Jack Chrichton.

"Who taught you that game?" she asked.

Mr. Cribbage looked thoughtfully at his car.

"Let me see now——" he began.

"Don't pretend you 've forgotten."

"I haven't. Only I couldn't remember whether Lady Anning was Lady Anning to you or just 'darling Jane,' as she is to me."

"So it was Lady Anning?"

Mr. Cribbage nodded. "We spent a whole afternoon at it; our trouble was that both of our eyes seemed equally sympathetic."

"I 'm not surprised. Belladonna works wonders with Lady Anning's."

"That may be so, but what worked the wonder in mine?"

Mrs. Jack Chrichton stood very straight and, after looking him up and down, removed a piece of dust from his shoulder.

"Rheum," she said, and hailing a taxi, had herself driven away before Mr. Cribbage could offer her a lift.

THE END.

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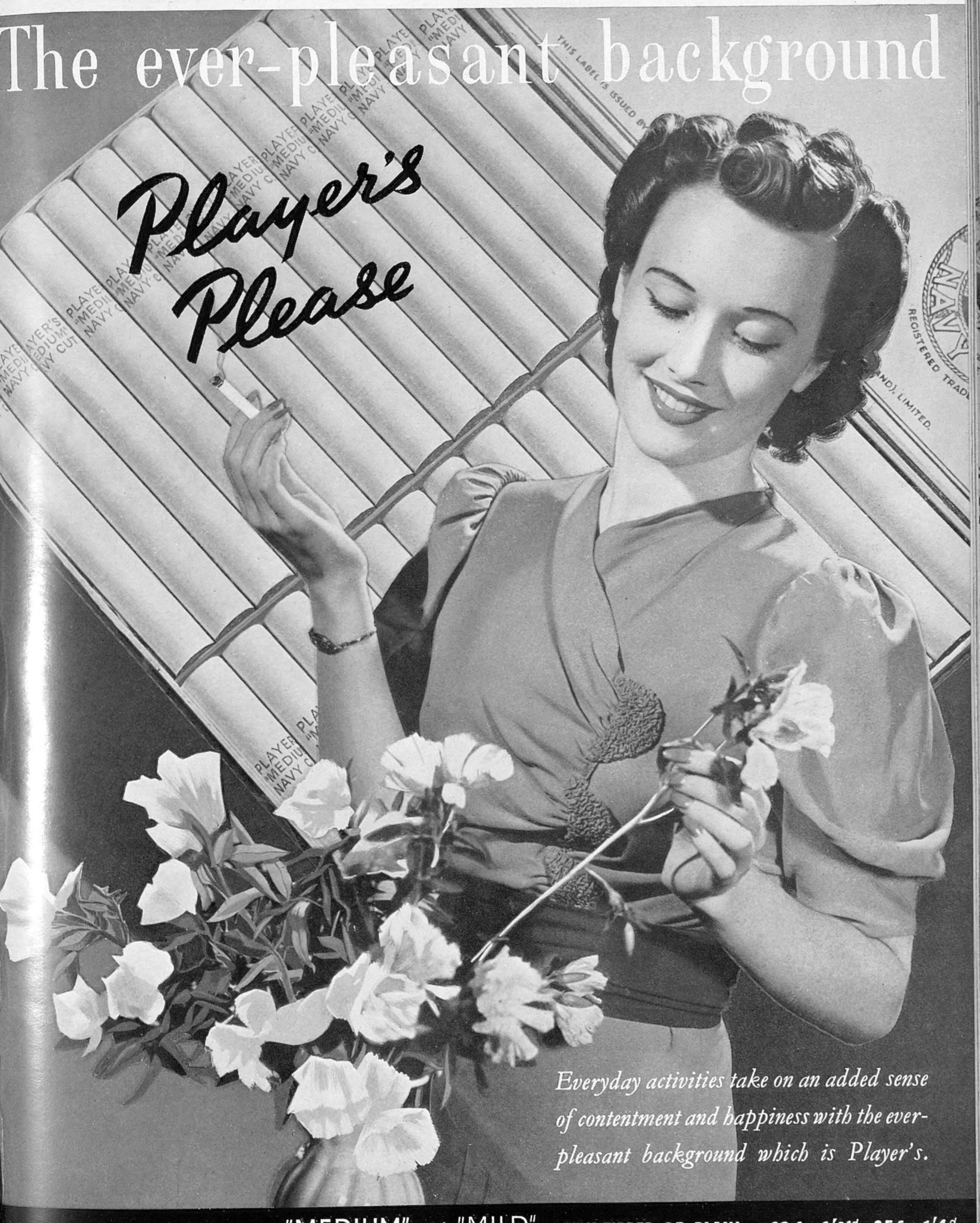
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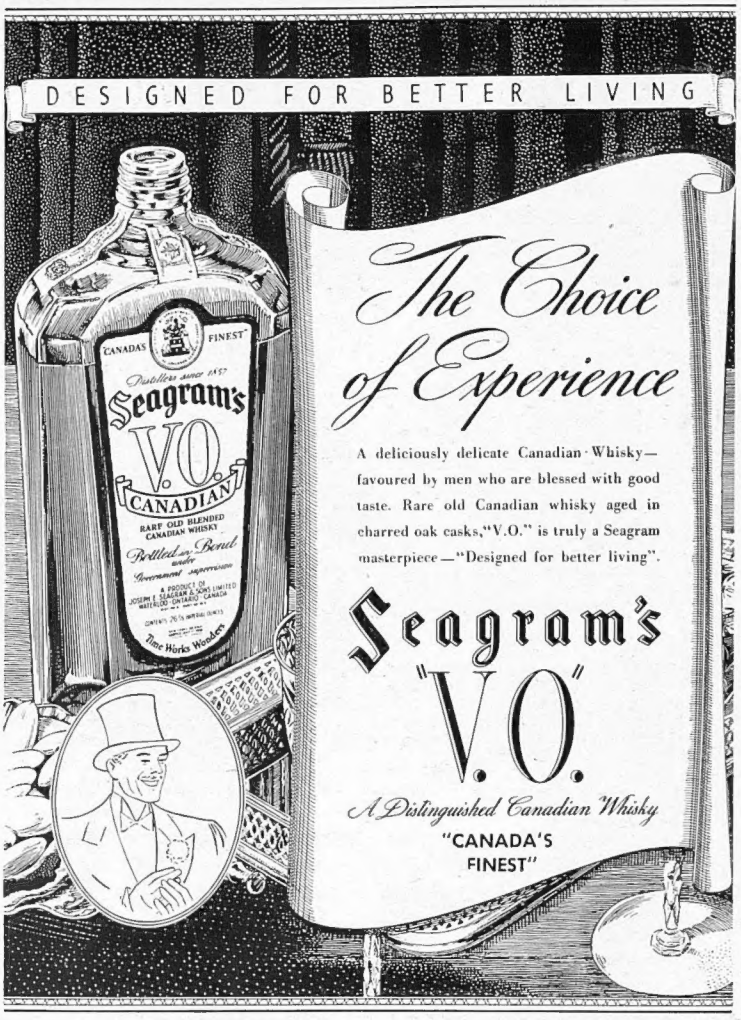

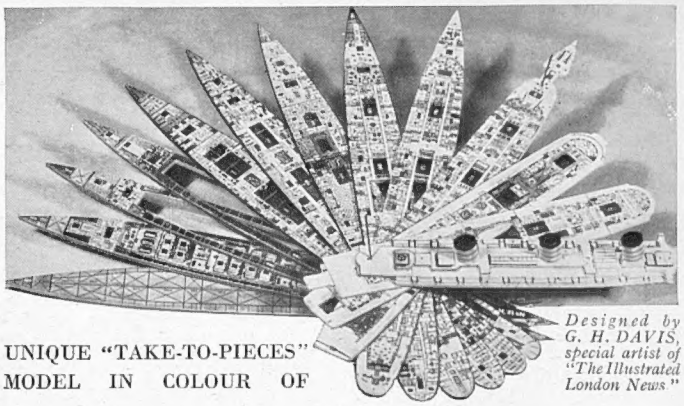

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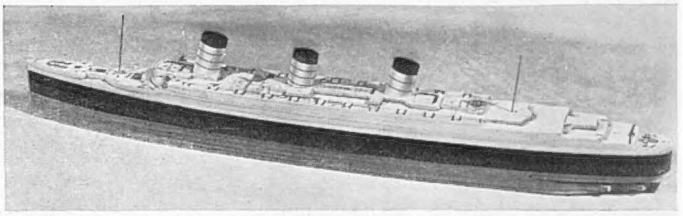

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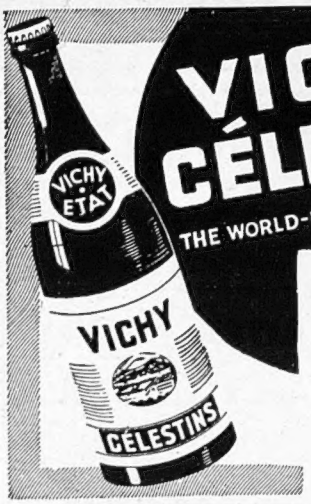

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